VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

$1,00 Per Annum, In Advance. "Hearken to me, I also, will show mine opinion." Single Copies, Three Cents.

VOLUME 1. FITCHBURG MASS., THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1845. NUMBER 10.

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
By an Association of Workingmen
W. F. YOUNG, Editor.

TERMS.—$1.00 Per annum if paid in advance.
1.25 after six months.
1.50 at the expiration of the year.

ADVERTISING—at the usual rates.

All communications relating to any department of the paper or office should be directed POST PAID to the Voice of Industry," Fitchburg, Mass.

Poetry.

FREEDOM.

"Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?"
Childe Harold.

Ocean! boundless, wild, and free,
Ever proudly, widely rolling,
Night in thy liberty,
Past the power of man's controlling;
Marks and bounds are not for thee;
Chains and fetters cannot bind thee;
And must *man* forever be
Thus unlike thee, thus behind thee?
He can bend thy power to bear
Him to every land and nation;
He may not freely share
In the fruits of his creation;
For though hunger will demand
Bread produced by Labor's hands,
Law deny with stern commands,
LAND is not free!

I look on thee, mighty ocean,
From their high cerulean dwelling;
Sunbeams smile on thy commotion,
Creaking to the breeze thou'rt telling
In hoarse voice, on every shore,
Since to the slave he free—be free!
Listen, brothers, hear this roar
Speaks he not the same to ye?
Tells he not of glorious crises,
Plenty's favorite seats for evils?
Brothers, ye hear the ocean-chimes;
Rouse ye—rouse ye—now or never!
Would ye toilers, longer lie,
Sinking in hopeless slavery?
Speak the word—and it shall be,
Land *shall* be free!

SELECTED TALES.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE TEST.

An Interesting Tale of Real Life.

BY A "LADY OF MARYLAND."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
The graceless fop with polished manners and fine sense,
(Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

"Well, Edward, what does home look like after your long absence?"

"Exactly the same as when I left it, mother, I cannot perceive the slightest change. Time seems to have stood still with you all here. Your eye remains as bright and your cheek is smooth as ever, and I could almost fancy it was but yesterday I parted with you."

"It is three years since, my son, and the time which appears to you so short, has passed heavily enough with me.

But do you miss nothing at home? Is there no familiar face absent from our little circle?"

"Oh! yes, poor little Adeline—what has become of her?"

"Her father has returned, and taken her home to a beautiful estate he has lately purchased. Adeline is at the head of one of the most splendid establishments our country affords. But why do you smile Edward?"

"At the idea of Adeline being at the head of a splendid establishment! She who always seemed afraid of being obliged to speak, and absolutely distressed if a stranger happened to look at her."

"She was very young when you saw her last, and was certainly very timid; but she is much improved both in manners and appearance since then."

"I am glad of it; there was abundant room for improvement in both."

"You speak harshly Edward. Adeline was always extremely amiable, and her society has been my chief solace during your long absence."

"You do not mean to tell me, mother, that you, with your lively energetic mind and warm, affectionate heart, could find pleasure in the society of such a being as Adeline Howard?"

"Why not? you know Adeline is not deficient in intellect."

"But she is in feeling. She lacks soul, animation, tenderness, all that can interest the imagination or warm the heart. She is exceedingly amiable! Yes, negatively so. She has not sufficient energy to be otherwise; she has no sensibility; and the utter absence of it renders her perfectly uninteresting in spite of the regularity of her features."

"But you forget that three years have passed since you saw her."

"True: in many respects she may be improved; but she can never possess that refined feeling, that exquisite tenderness which renders woman a creature to be loved, cherished, almost idolized."

"You speak feelingly, my dear Edward," said Mrs. Hamilton; "I am inclined to suspect that you are thinking of some one who possesses those qualities in which you imagine Adeline to be deficient."

"I will not conceal from you, dear mother, that I have met with a being who realizes all my ideas of womanly perfection, one whose beauty, perfect as it is, is her least attraction. Oh! mother, had you seen her beautiful eyes filled with tears, and the bright glow fade from her cheek, as she listened to the pathetic tales I have sometimes read to her, you would own with me that softness, tenderness, and sensibility, are the true attractions of woman."

"It is very true, my son, that those are very attaching qualities, and the woman who is destitute of them, lacks that charm which is peculiar to her sex, and without which she can never be warmly loved, however her conduct may command our esteem. But before we determine the value of sensibility in any particular character, we should know to what it tends. That is a very false, though I believe a very common kind of sensibility which exhausts itself in lamenting over misery without any effort to relieve it."

The entrance of a servant who presented young Hamilton with a letter interrupted the conversation.

"Your letter contains pleasant news, Edward, I am sure," said Mrs. Hamilton, after a pause, during which she had marked the countenance of her son, as he read again and again the few lines which his letter contained.

"It does indeed, mother, and it is not unconnected with the subject of which we have been speaking. To be plain, it is a letter from Frank Burnet, containing an invitation to attend him as groomsman. His wedding is to take place in a few days.

"Well, and is it the prospect of a Wedding that makes your cheek flush, and your eye dance so merrily?"

"No, mother; but—"

"But what, Edward?"

"I never thought you dull before, mother. Can you divine that Frank is to marry Miss Linden, and that her cousin who resides with her, and who is to attend her as bridesmaid, is the only being who has ever made an impression on the heart of your son?"

"I could not divine all this certainly, my dear Edward; but I can rejoice that it is so, since it appears to afford you so much pleasure. But you have not told the name of the fair lady who is destined to become my daughter."

"Ah! my dear mother, I am not certain of that! Beauty and merit like hers must attract universal admiration, and I am not vain enough not to have many fears, though I am not without hope. Her name is Herbert—Cecelia Herbert. She is an orphan, and resides with her uncle, Mr. Linden, whose daughter Burnet is to marry. On one occasion, I accompanied Burnet on a visit to Miss Linden, and then it was I saw Miss Herbert."

Mrs. Hamilton looked with maternal pride upon the handsome features of her son, and as he left the room, she mentally exclaimed—

"With a form of surpassing elegance, with a mind of such lofty powers, and with a splendid fortune, it is not likely that he will be refused by any woman. My only fear is lest the object of his choice should not be worthy of the noble heart that beats in the breast of my only son.

There were lights and music and the sounds of laughter from many lovely lips in Mr Linden's spacious drawing rooms. The bridal party entered and the music ceased, and the light laugh was succeeded by a solemn silence as the man of God commenced the ceremony, which was to blend into one the destinies of two loving hearts. The bride, a pretty, modest-looking girl, leaned on the arm of her chosen one as she uttered the responses which bound her to him forever, and the deep seriousness of his countenance evinced his sense of the importance of the trust confided to him. By his side stood Edward Hamilton, his fine face flushed with emotion, and his whole soul beaming in his eyes, as he sought those of Cecelia Herbert, who occupied a corresponding position by the side of the bride. And, here was a form and face that might well rivet the attention of a passionate admirer of female beauty. Her form was about the medium height, and symmetrical in all its proportions. Her complexion was dazzlingly fair, and the rich hue of her cheek could only be rivalled by the still more brilliant color of her half parted lips. Her hair of pale glossy brown fell in luxuriant ringlets over her brow and cheeks, and almost obscured her eyes—those of deepest blue that in the alternations of melting softness and of sparkling vivacity were alike bewitching. They were now bent timidly on the ground, and it was only at the conclusion of the ceremony that they were raised to meet the ardent gaze of our hero. Then the deepening color of her cheek, the modest confusion of her manner, evinced her sensibility to the admiration she excited, and completed her conquest over the enamored heart of Edward. Scarcely could he restrain the expression of his feelings, but he remembered his promise to his mother to scan closely her character before he committed himself by a declaration from which, when once made, he could not in honor recede; and for the remainder of the evening he paid her only those attentions which their relative position justified.

The bridal party were to remain a week at Thorndale, the residence of Mr. Linden, and then the newly wedded pair were to proceed to their new home, accompanied by their particular friends, among whom Miss Herbert and Edward were of course included.

The week which followed the nuptials was one of unmingled enjoyment to our hero. He fancied he was reading the character of her he loved; when in fact he was only becoming more and more absorbed by his devotion to the fair girl who was his constant companion. His mornings were spent in riding or walking with her; his evenings in reading to her, and marking with delight the sensibility which evinced itself in smiles or tears, as the subject of their studies was humorous or pathetic—or in hanging over her chair, as she performed some brilliant piece of music, or warbled in a voice of melting softness some touching ballad.

The time sped swiftly away, and the morning at length arrived which was to disperse the happy party, and on which the bride was to take her departure from the maternal mansion. Her new residence was about forty miles distant, and thither the bridal party proceeded, the weather being remarkably fine, in open carriages. Edward, whose wealth permitted the indulgence of his tastes, drove Miss Herbert in a phaeton, with a pair of spirited animals, which were somewhat difficult to restrain. He managed them, however, with perfect ease, and purposely kept in the rear, that he might enjoy the society of his companion unrestrained by the presence of others.—Gradually his voice assumed a tone of deeper tenderness, the long pent-up feelings of his heart struggled for utterance; another moment would have decided his fate—but in the agitation of his mind, he had relaxed his grasp of the reins, and his horses finding themselves unrestrained, started off with a rapidity which it was for some moments impossible to check. In their headlong speed they passed a cottage, near the door of which several children were at play, and to the indescribable horror of our hero, a little girl, who was too much frightened to get out of the way, fell directly in front of the carriage, the wheel of which passed over her. The next moment Edward succeeded in stopping the horses, and assisting Miss Herbert to alight, they both entered the cottage into which the poor child had been carried. The little sufferer was extended upon a bed, pale and apparently lifeless, and by her side stood the weeping mother and a group of children. The cottage was evidently the abode of extreme poverty, and the utter absence of neatness made every thing appear even more forbidding and miserable than it would otherwise have done. The woman it appeared, was a widow, and the mother of eight children, who were dependant upon her for support.

The agony of Edward Hamilton, as he looked upon the little creature, upon whom his carelessness had been the means of inflicting severe and probably permanent injury, if not death, was extreme. Yet it did not prevent his doing all that could be done for the sufferer. Leaving Miss Herbert in the cottage, he proceeded in quest of a surgeon, and in a village about a mile distant, he found one who returned with him. While Doctor Willis was examining the condition of his patient, Edward retired to the porch of the cottage, in which Miss Herbert was seated. He did not appear sensible of her presence; he was wholly absorbed by his anxiety for the suffering child. Cecelia approached him—he did not raise his head. She laid her hand on his arm and uttered his name. Still he remained silent, and she proceeded—

"Dear Mr. Hamilton, do not let this affair distress you so. You could not help this accident, and you have done all you could do in procuring a surgeon, and every thing necessary for the child."

"But if she should die, I can never forgive myself, nor bear to look at the poor mother who had been by my means deprived of a child."

"There is no fear that the child will die and even if it should, the poor woman will have no cause for complaining of you. Indeed, on the contrary, I think she should be obliged to you for removing a part of her burthen. Seven children are enough for one woman, in all conscience, particularly if they depend on her for support."

As Miss Herbert uttered these words, Edward Hamilton, looking for a moment in her face, with astonishment depicted in every lineament of his countenance, started from her side and walked into the garden, where he threw himself upon a rude bench, and gave unrestrained vent to his emotions. Had the beautiful face of Cecelia Herbert been suddenly transformed into that of a gorgeon, he could scarcely have been more shocked than he had been by the words which had fallen from her lips. True, her object was to console him, but how hard, how coarse, how unfeeling must be the heart which could prompt the lips to speak lightly of that most holy tie, which binds a mother to her child. Edward's gloomy meditations were interrupted by the surgeon.

"I have come, sir, to let you know the situation of my patient. It is not near so bad as I expected. She will do well if she has the necessary comforts, and those, I am sure your liberality will provide."

"Most willingly, my dear sir, if you will be my agent in this matter, and let no expense be spared that can conduce to the comfort of the poor little sufferer and her mother. I have a young lady under my charge, whom I must convey to her friends, but in a day or two I will be here again, when I hope to hear favorable accounts of your patient."

Pressing the good Doctor warmly by the hand, Edward returned to the house and placed a well filled purse in the hands of the woman, and desiring that a nurse and every comfort should be procured for the wounded child he handed Miss Herbert into the carriage, and they pursued their journey in silence, and with feelings very different from those which only a few hours since, had filled their bosoms.

How short a time will sometimes change the whole current of our lives! On the morning of this day, Edward Hamilton could conceive of no greater bliss than to call the fair creature by his side his own; and the only thought that troubled his mind was a fear lest he should not be able to awaken in her bosom feelings corresponding to those which filled his own. Now, amid all the gloomy and despondent feelings which saddened his heart, he was yet thankful that circumstances had revealed to him the real character of the object of his love before the irrevocable words had passed his lips which must have bound him to her forever. He remembered his mother's words, and he acknowledged the truth of the remark, that many who will weep over the fictitious woes of the poet and the novelist, have little sympathy with real distress. He recollected that amid all the agony and confusion which the late accident had occasioned, Cecelia had never essayed to soothe or comfort the suffering child or the alarmed mother, and had seemed more annoyed by the dirt and discomfort of the cottage as it affected her own convenience, than moved by the evident misery of its occupants. As these thoughts passed through his mind, the manner of Edward became more and more constrained—and when, at a late hour, they arrived at their place of destination, it was a relief to both to separate.

Fatigued as he was that night, Edward Hamilton could not sleep. He had retired at an early hour to his apartment which was at the back part of the house, and the window of which overlooked the back portico. The night was warm, and he sat at the open window, hoping that the air would cool his fevered temples and calm his nerves, which had been irritated by the events of the day. He had sat but a few minutes when he heard voices below and the sound of his own name uttered in the voice of Cecelia Herbert, caused him involuntarily to pause. The speakers were Miss Herbert and another young lady, who were promenading the portico arm-in-arm.

"Well, Cecelia," said her companion, "has he come to the point yet?"

"No, indeed! I think he is further from it than ever. I thought this morning he was going to say something to the purpose, but just as he opened his lips his horses took fright, and I thought we should have been dashed to pieces."

"And that, I suppose," said Miss Milton, laughing, "scared his love away, did it?"

"No; but unfortunately as we passed a miserable hovel, near which a group of dirty children were playing, one of them fell down and the carriage passed over her. The child was carried into the house, and we followed as soon as we could get out of the carriage.—You never saw such a miserable, dirty looking place. I could scarcely bear to remain in it for an instant, and the bed on which they laid the wounded girl, was so disgusting that I would not have gone near it for the world. I don't know what Hamilton wished or expected from me, but something that I did, or something that I omitted to do, has offended him, for he has been cold and reserved ever since. For my part I believe he fell in love with the mother."

Edward heard no more. Sick and disgusted he retired from the window, and endeavored to lose in sleep the remembrance of his unhappiness. Early on the ensuing morning, (having written an apology to his friend, and given it to the servant who attended him,) he left the house, and was several miles distant before its inmates had arisen. Edward travelled rapidly, for he was anxious both to escape from his own thoughts, and to ascertain the situation of the child who had been injured. Upon entering the cottage, he was sensible of a great improvement in its appearance—the room in which the little girl lay was perfectly clean—the little bed was hung with white dimity curtains, and covered with a delicate white counterpane. The windows were furnished with blinds which admitted the air, while they excluded the glare of the sun—altogether the apartment wore an aspect of neatness which contrasted strongly with its appearance the preceeding day. Edward attributed this change to the exertions of Dr. Willis, and inwardly blessing the kind physician, he proceeded to inquire into the situation of the patient. She was better, much better, and comparatively free from pain. As Edward was addressing some enquiries to Mrs Ross, the mother, the doctor entered.

"I am glad to see that your patient is better doctor," said our hero, "and I thank you, from my heart for the kind and efficient manner in which you have executed my wishes;" and he glanced, as he spoke, round the neat and cheerful looking chamber.

"You are mistaken, my good sir," answered the worthy physician; with the best intentions in the world, I could not have affected so great a change in so short a time. This has been the work of fairer hands than mine, though I will not deny that I had some agency in the matter. Immediately on leaving here yesterday evening, I was sent for to attend a sick servant at Col. Howard's, and after prescribing for her, I related to Miss Howard the accident which had befallen our little friend here. She came here soon after, took measures to make the situation of poor little Mary as comfortable as circumstances would admit.—She did more. She watched by her bedside all night, and with her own hands administered the necessary medicines, and by her soothing attentions contributed to restore the sufferer to composure. I think, he added, with energy, "it is scarcely an exaggeration to say, that woman is an angel."

"She is indeed an angel of mercy," said Mrs. Ross, "and Mary may have cause to bless the accident which brought her to our house."

"Does Col. Howard live in the neighborhood?" asked Edward.

"He does, replied the doctor, he has lately removed here, I think not more than a month ago, and the poor people have already reason to be thankful to the providence which brought him and his lovely daughter to reside among them.

At this moment a tap was heard at the door and a lady entered the apartment.

"Ah! Miss Howard," said the doctor, respectfully presenting the seat from which he had arisen," allow me to name Mr. Hamilton to you."

"I believe I had the honor of knowing Miss Howard before," said Edward, with a feeling of respect very different from that which he had been accustomed to think of "poor little Adeline Howard."

She frankly extended her hand to meet the offered one of her old acquaintance, and enquired with affectionate solicitude after the health and welfare of his mother. She then passed to the bedside of the wounded child, and bending over it, she spoke a few cheering words and produced a small basket of choice fruit. As she stood there, Edward fixed his eyes upon her, and saw that three years had indeed produced an alteration. When he had last seen her, she was a timid, bashful unformed girl. Now she was a graceful dignified woman, though her complection lacked brilliency, and her dark grey eyes neither sparkled with vivacity nor mettled with tenderness. but shone only with the mild and tempered light of benevolence and intellect. Edward sighed as he remembered the splendid orbs on which he had so lately loved to gaze, and before he recovered himself, Miss Howard had left the cottage. He then recollected, that as the friend of his mother, he ought to have paid her the respect of attending her home, and he determined that as he meant to take up his abode in the neighboring village till Mary Ross had entirely recovered from the effects of her accident, he would on the ensuing morning pay his respects to Adeline and her father. He did so; was pressed to stay to dinner, he complied, and in the evening he attended Adeline on a visit to the cottage of Mrs. Ross. He was suprised at the close of the day to find he had so little time to be miserable. On the succeeding morning, Col. Howard returned his visit, and Edward found his village residence so dull that he could not refuse to re-

turn home with the old gentleman.

Gradually little Mary recovered, yet still Edward lingered in the neighborhood. What detained him there? He did not know, nor did he pause to enquire. Sufficient for him that he was happy there; not with the tumultuous feeling which had so lately agitated his breast, but with a feeling of quiet happiness which was as new as it was delightful to him. It is said that hearts are most easily caught on the rebound. This may be true, yet it was not till many months of intimate association had convinced him of the worth of Adeline Howard, that Edward owned to himself that he loved her with a depth and tenderness far exceeding all he had felt before. He learned to distinguish true sensibility from that which venting itself in sighs and tears over imaginary sorrows, turns with disgust from real suffering, and too exquisite to come in contact with distress for the purpose of relieving it. When he saw that Adeline, though delicate in her habits, and refined in her tastes, shrunk not from witnessing any misery which could be alleviated by her presance, he felt that here was a heart with which his own could fully sympathize. He did not love in vain. Adeline became his happy wife, and his mother welcomed with delight the only woman she had ever seen whom she thought worthy to be the bride of her son.

Confessions Of A Retired Publican.—Meeting a few days since with a retired publican, who in his time kept some of the best houses in London, the following conversation ensued.

With what material do you adulterate porter?"

"You mean second brewing, do you not?"

"I don't know what you call it; I only know that you mix some kind of stuff with it."

"Well, we call that second brewing. We can make a barrel and a half out of one barrel which we have from the brewers. We put in about two quarts of water to six of porter; then, of course, it looks very weak, so we get some of the coarsest sugar, or treacle and mix with it, then it looks very strong and tastes very sweet. I have known people to put in a piece of horse's flesh, and that gives it a strong savor."

"How is it that after persons have drank a little they want more? It seems to create a thirst."

"Why, when they put in the sugar and things, they take care to put in plenty of salt; so the more they drink the more they want."

"What do they put in ale?"

We cannot put so much in ale, because it will not bear it; it is not so thick, and if they put much in, they would be found out."

"What do they put in gin?"

"They used to put in vitrol; but the people don't like it so hot as they did, so they are obliged to put in something more mild." He said that he had asked Mr. H.'s foreman what he could put in gin to improve it, and the answer was, "We put in all that it will bear, and if you attempt to put in any thing to improve it, you will spoil it."

"How do they make the cost on port."

"That comes on by being kept a long time; but many persons get the old dirty bottles and put some fresh in, and sell it for best old port.—*Intelligencer.*

The British afraid of a log of wood.—A considerable British force were made prisoners, at a place called Bugley's in Carolina, during the revolution, by Col. William Washington, in a novel manner. They occupied a large house which was completely musket proof, and in which they might have made a perfect defence against Washington's cavalry. This officer, however, mounted a pine log upon a pair of wagon wheels, manned by the usual compliment of men, lighted the match beside it and placed it in full view, but at some distance from the house. He now summoned the English to surrender, and pointing to his field-piece, threatened them with the consequences of refusal.

He threats were effectual They marched out and gave up their arms, without firing a shot, and obtained a nearer and mortifying view of the strength of our artillery.

An Owl.—An old man had fallen into a ditch, on his way home, and being unable to get out, bawled lustily till morning, and then being helped out by a neighbor, he hastened home when he began to scold his wife for not hearing him and coming to his assistance. "La!" says the old lady, "I heard your voice and know'd it but I thought it was an owl."

A temperance lecturer is now attempting to prove that the beast who was chained a thousand years, and then let loose to scourge mankind, is nothing else than RUM! This, then, is what is meant by the beast's having so many *horns*, and so many mouths to match them.

A. M. Legrand Smith of Albany, has invented a summer hat with a ventilating crown, it is said. On the top is an openwork circle with an inflating damper, opening and closing, so as to command a draft, much in the fashion of a stove. A cotemporary remarks that he should think it a capital article for over-heated imaginations and hot heads generally.

South Boston, July 25th, 1845

Mr. Editor:—I noticed an article in your paper of July 3d, copied from the Lowell Journal, and signed H. W., reflecting somewhat severely upon the proceedings of the N. England Workingmen's Convention, held at Tremont Chapel, on Anniversary week in this city. This in itself was to be expected, if our proceedings were noticed at all by the Press, as now conducted. I was prepared to have our proceedings closely if not harshly criticised. But I must confess, Mr. Editor that I was not prepared, after an adjournment of ten or twelve weeks, to have our proceedings brought before the public, in such an ungenerous manner, and that too, by one, who professes to be the friend of the laboring man, and who took so much interest in his welfare, as to attend the Convention two whole days.

Now Mr. Editor I confess that I attended that Convention during its whole sitting, with the exception of four or five hours, and I must say that altho' I approved of most of the sentiments advanced, and all its action, yet I am not so much of a radical as to have supposed that our proceeding could not have been criticised somewhat to our disadvantage, and not exceeded the bounds of truth. But this particular friend of the workingmen, could not proceed half through a very short article, without out-Fletchering Fletcher himself.

It is not my purpose to review that article, as you have already answered that, not only to my own satisfaction, but to the satisfaction of all the workingmen in this vicinity, whom I have conversed with on the subject.

I wish only to state, what you could not positively, as you were not present the first days, on the authority of those who were present during its whole sitting; that the sentiments H. W. attributes to the member from Lowell, have no foundation in fact, and therefore must be an inference of one of our most particular friends. This fact should be made known through the same channel which the error issued. I trust the Editor of the Journal will copy the above correction.

I should have omitted to make this correction being assured by experience that truth will overtake falsehood, however wide an area it may have traversed, had it not been that our friend H. W. of Natick, has seen fit to make another communication to the Journal, dated Natick, July 14th, upon matters and things in general, and not upon the Convention in particular. I was, very much pleased to perceive that what he does say of the Convention is very much modified and softened. For instance in his first communication he says, "A member from your city made a speech, in which he said &c.." In this communication, he says a delegate in the Convention, from Lowell, said in *substance* that &c. I trust that in a few weeks more serious meditation, he will frankly acknowledge that It was but a shadow, which at times will cross our minds, under a high state of excitement, and almost make us believe that they are real substances.

I feel the more disposed to take this favorable view of the unfortunate position which our friend has voluntarily placed himself in, from perusing his last communication in which he informs us that he has not time space or inclination to pursue the subject farther; and ends his communication by saying: "I have hastily scribled down these thoughts, and have no time to re-write or correct them."

After this frank appeal to our charity, I cannot be so ungenerous as to take advantage of his misfortune. I too well appreciate the disadvantages which a workingman has to contend with, who is engaged fourteen hours per day to provide for his duily necessities, to criticise closely the position he assumes, or the assertions he may *hastily* makes. I will only remark to our friend H. W. that notwithstanding the adverse circumstances which surround us as workingmen, it is in no-wise excusable on our part to make such plain and palpable contradictions as appear, and really are in your two communication.

If as workingmen we cannot get time enough on the Sabbath and nights to compare notes, or correct, or even re-write the whole communication, we had better with-hold it untill a more favorable opportunity presents itself.—By the way, I will here observe, as it may be a hint to other workingmen besides yourself, that you may venture to send a communication like your last to an Editor, provided that you are a *substantial friend of his*; For notwithstanding they are generally pretty clever fellows, and can use words, as we do edged tools without cutting their own fingers, yet nevertheless they cannot live upon *shadows*, any more than we poor laborers. It is a pity, its too true, that if a mechanic, or a laboring man happens to be taken the least notice of by the literati, he forthwith assumes such consequential airs, that it really makes me laugh. He soliloquises *something* after the manner you have done in your last communication; and says: "am I not a great man? Have I not attained to that superior excellence which other working men cannot reach. Are not all those workingmen, whom I aws associated with a few years ago, mere petty reformers."

I forbear to persue this subject farther at this time, trusting that more favorable circumstances will enable you to spare time to correct the ridiculous position your last communication has placed you in, before the workingmen of the old Bay State. Without making any pretentions to that excellence you speak of and say we cannot attain—yet I must say, as a workingman that I feel a blush of shame manteling my cheeks, when I reflect that a brother workingman professing such superior excellence as yourself, should in so few years (it is not long since, '40) by coming in contact with avarice and ambition, to be so soon lost to all sense of truth, justice and common humanity. I yet hope that your next communication will remove the unfavorable impressions, which this has made, as much as this has removed the impression made by your first article. One instance I trust will do to illustrate the contradictions spoken of above. In your first article, you say, "I should think that about twenty men, and about ten women attended as delegates, Robert Owen, John A. Collins, Albert Brisbane, W. H. Channing, and Horace Greeley, addressed them." You go on to say that you are not surprised that the workingmen of Mass., care nothing for such reforms as was proposed by some of the members, you then go on and comment upon what the member from Lowell said, which I think you will admit was an error. Farther you say some of the speeches were full of hatred and littleness—not one generous and noble sentiment redeemed them. Albert Brisbane brought forward a plan you say, which he said he had well matured. You hesitated not a moment to declare it to be one of the greatest pieces of folly you ever heard propounded by a man out of the mad house.—Just look over your last communication when you have time, and see what you say of Albert Brisbane, in the connection spoken of above. I will quote word for word, and comma for comma. You say, 'so far from sheering at the Convention because these men addressed it, the fact is,' you say, 'those gentlemen gave utterance to every noble or generous thought that you heard during the two days you attended the Convention; and the liberal humane and philanthropic sentiments which some of these gentlemen advanced, 'were received with far less favor by the Convention, than were the contracted narrow and bigoted sentiments of some of the petty reformers, who consider it as their highest privilege to rail at all excellence they cannot reach.' Oh ye shades of a Brookline Barn! I did not anticipate that such an excellent article would ever graduate from your mows.

I shall not pursue the subject farther, Mr. Editor, for the reasons spoken of above. Not for the want of time or an inclination to discuss the matter, notwithstanding, Massachusetts policy, the pattern State of the Union, requires of me fourteen hours of incessant toil, for a bare animal existence. I will close by saying to our Natick friend that if he can make it convenient some time when he is in the city, just to drop over the bridge and spend an evening with us workingmen; I will do all in my power to make his visit both agreeable and profitable. We keep a record of all our proceedings, which I think our friend would like to examine.

One word more, and I close. I am sorry to perceive that our friend does not take the "Voice of Industry;" he says a friend placed it in his hand—feeling very desirous that our objects should be as widely extended as possible—please address a copy to our friend in Natick, for six months, and place it to my account.

This is corrected, re-written, and a true copy.

S. H. A.

A letter from the Secretary of the L. L. R. A.
Written for the Voice.

Lowell July 24 1845.

Mr. Editor:—At the last meeting of the Ladies Labor Reform Association in this city, it was voted that "we appoint some Lady of this Association, a Correspondent of your valuable paper, who shall furnish articles herself, and receive them from others who may feel disposed to contribute to the support and interest of the same, by giving interesting items and facts, which may come under their observation." Miss H. J. Stone, was accordingly chosen to act in the capacity of correspondent from this Association. She will endeavor in future, to furnish an article herself, for every paper if desirable, and obtain as many others as may be. Her influence will ever be given on the side of equal rights, and the just claims of humanity whether black or white, living at the North or South, whether friends *smile* or *frown* on her humble efforts! She feels that there is a great work to be accomplished through the humble instrumentality of means, ere our Nation is elevated to that high and sublimely glorious pinacle of fame, which it is her privilege, nay, her *imperative duty* to attain! Believing as she does, that each and every individual, has some duty to perform, some mission to accomplish, for the great good of all, and the elevation of the mass, to a position worthy our far famed and republican Nation, she will gladly contribute her "two mites" to strengthen that "*voice*" which has been heard above the roar of elements, and the discordant sounds of human degradation and woe, that it may be enabled to speak in tones which shall cause the flinty heart to quake, the stubborn knee to bow, before the mighty and all conquering power of Eternal Truth and Justice!

God speed thee in thy holy mission gentle '*voice*,' mayest thou speak comfort to the despairing—whisper *Hope* to the ear, and pour balm into the heart lacerated and festering with the cankering cares of life—reclaim the wandering, sin enslaved, wretched and lost ones of Our Father's family, and write them in the bonds of fraternal love and union—thus shalt thou be a blessing in thy day and generation! And when thy 'voice' shall be hushed in death, its soothing tones, and encouraging words, shall thrill through every heart, while life or being lasts!

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

What We Labor for.—The abolition of idleness want and oppression; the prevalence of industry, virtue and intelligence.

THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1845.

The Natick Correspondent and the Lowell Journal.

Agreeable to our notice last week, we resume the considration of an article in the July 18th No. of the Lowell Journal, from the pen of a correspondent at Natick, Mass., signed H. W., being a wholesale denunciation of the the present workingmen's movement in New England and other parts of the country, and also in the old world, for their physical, mental and moral amelioration.

We do not give the article this protracted review, because it contains either truthfulness or logic, worthy our attention; but as it embraces the stereotyped edition of charges usually prefered against the laborer's reform, we deem it a duty to our cause and truth, to show its fallacy, hoping the community will be led to look upon us and our cause as we really are, instead of viewing us through such an uncharitable and selfish medium of error and prejudice.

We showed conclusively last week, that the position we first took in relation to this controversy, remains unharmed, and our sentiments uncontroverted. We stated nothing that facts, reason and christian principles will not support us in; and though we are a mechanic and obliged to toil for our daily support, yet we are willing to devote a few moments "from nature stolen" to defend any sentiments we have advanced or endorsed against the combined talent, sophistry, party tact and smooth hypocrisy, of all the powers opposed to universal justice, humanity and the inalienable rights of man "to life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness," upon which our reform is founded. We now pass to notice that portion of H. W.'s communication which refers to the general character of the workingmen's reform. He tells us, that our "views of society here are incorrect. Society is not what we represent it to be. Our views and opinions are all imported." What are our views of Society here?—that we are the "most degraded depraved, brutalized and oppressed people on the face of the globe," as our Natick friend *represents* them? No we believe no such thing—we have no desire to color or exaggerate the evils of New England society, the plain unvarnished truth is bad enough, and this we wish to bring before the working-people and the whole population in the spirit of christian kindness. Ours is no partial fragmentary reform which takes hold and excites the passions without appealing to the reason and better judgment of the people—we do not wish to array one class against another, but have ever repudiated such a spirit. We do not wish to benefit the laborer at the expense of the employer, but to benefit *both*, not merely so far as dollars and cents are concerned, but in point of *true human elevation*, that man—*all men*, without distinction of color or capacity may live out what they were designed to, and realize that degree of happiness they are capable of enjoying, that this world may not prove a "vale of tears"—made so by the sins of devastation of its children, but a beautiful world "wherein dwelleth righteousness." Our reform is broad and universal, excluding none who wear the semblance of humanity; it is based deep down upon the eternal principles of truth and justice, which we believe should and will be acknowledged and made practical ere men will live at peace with each other. New England society and policy are at war with these principles; selfishness predominates over charity and benevolence; her mad avariciousness is swallowing up and poisoning all her philanthropy and love for the good of the race. She acts from the impulse of avarice and self-aggrandizing, as our *friend* H. W.'s article clearly evinces, rather than justice and regard for the happiness of her people—her rail roads have been built by avarice, her commerce and manufacturies are the works of avarice—her "cities and villages that are springing up around all her water-falls, the busy abodes of *toiling* thousands," are reared by avarice—avarice has raised many of her spires and founded many of her systems of education; avarice and selfish party ambition legislate in her councils, as the treatment of numerous petitions for the reduction of the hours of labor in our manufacturers, and the "Lien Law" at the last session of the Massachusetts Legislature, strongly demonstrate. In fact our whole political and social organizations are full of the seeds of avarice and selfishness, which are fast developing themselves every year, in the various forms of vice, wickedness, poverty, strife and bitterness, which we daily witness around us. We are not deceived in our views of society, facts and sad experience daily press them home to our sensibilities. The condition of the laboring people, as a class, of this country is constantly growing worse, they are becoming more and more dependent upon capital; their resources are being curtailed, the price of their labor less, more uncertain and difficult to obtain, which causes an increase of idleness want, crime and the numerous dissipations, and immoralities of society. These things are not mere assertions, but *facts* of which statistical prooff can be adduced, and he who would cover them up, or unhesitatingly deny their existence, is an enemy to his race and devoted to the perpetuation of oppression. Still the Journal correspondent has the hardihood to assert, that the condition of our laboring people is "*rapidly improving*," that "labor is better rewarded than formerly," that "all men are equal before the State, that labor is honored and respected, and that there is social equality in our society!" How absurd for a man to call himself a *friend* to the workingman and throw out such unqualified, false and prejudiced statements as to their condition and prosperity! Will he inform us how many honest laboring men, there are "before the States?" Will he tell us what ratio of the National and State offices are filled by the "bone and sinew of the country?" Will he tell us where labor is "honored and respected," and where there is social equality between the rich and the poor? for it is what we are striving for, what we should delight to see and what we expect to accomplish. These statements are false—capitalists and cunning intrigueing demagogues and their immediate tools and favorites fill the offices of our country, and social equality is not to be found, even in New England society. The factory girl, the seamstress and "hired maid" are not regarded as equals, nor admitted into the society of the daughters of wealth, who lounge about in ideness and luxury; without they possess some superior and uncommon natural talent and grace that finally triumphs over the distinctions of society. The great majority of the operatives are scorned and despised for no other reason, than that they labor. We *know* this, for we have seen it with our own eyes—we have seen them insulted and neglected by the very persons they had made wealthy through their industry and toil and the same results to a great degree, attend the success of our indigent workingmen, however meritorious they may be.

We think the Journal correspondent is not so far lost to the true state of our society, as to deny these things, were he free from selfishness and party influences; for we notice in his article an unconscious admission, that there are "fictitious distinctions" in society and that "moral and intellectual worth" are disregarded or trampled upon and this too, after he had extolled our society for its "social equality," and the respect it pays to man and labor, thereby acknowledging our views of society in part, and for which, had denounced us. H. W.'s remarks about "*petty aristocrats, petty tyrants and demagogues*," come with quite an ill grace from a man who is engaged in upholding and apologizing for the present systems in society, which are filling it with demagogues tyrants and aristocrats. We would ask him what kind of a *demagogue* he is, who is inflaming the community with political strife "arraying one portion of the people against the other," that one set of hungry aspirants may rule, reign and fill their pockets with the people's money instead of another equally deserving? What kind of *tyranny* is heartless capital arrayed against the poor and dependent, regarding them as tools and treating them as beasts of burden? What kind of *aristocracy* is that which builds up casts of *respectability*, founded upon wealth, and denies the honest workingman and women admission because they are poor and labor for a living? Our society is full of this demagogueism, tyranny and aristocracy and our friend at Natick is striving to perpetuate them and, we predict that an industrious poor man or woman would be treated with coldness if not contempt by this *sympathetic* brother should they consider themselves his equals or associates.

The writer has an abundance of good advice that he would deal out to the laboring men, among which is the following:—"If I could speak to every laboring man in the land I would say to him, be industrious and honest, cultivate your moral, social and intellectual powers, regard all men as brothers of one great family, and treat them as *equals* whether rich or poor." Good advice indeed—and what would he say to the capitalist and rich idler? has he not a little good advice for them? should they not be "*industrious* and *honest*, and regard all men as brothers of one great family whether *rich* or *poor*?" The laboring men have well nigh starved upon such heartless advice, without one jot of precept—the cry of demagouges, capitalists and their numerous speaking-trumpets has ever been, "be honest, be industrious, be contented; you are the *bone* and *sinew* of the country, the countries pride and glory," while they have been sucking away their hard earnings and raising themselves to wealth and distinction by the industry and suffrages of the honest laborer; whose good they disregard; whose health and happiness, they trample upon, and whose society they shun and despise. What is it that causes idlenes and dishonesty among the poor people? The disgrace that *fashionable society* has placed upon honest industry. Hence they resort to all means, honest or dishonest, to gain a livelyhood and the trappings of society, without actual producing labor—by fraud trickery and speculation. And for this state of things society is culpable; for she has erected this standard of excellence and respectability. How are the laboring men to 'cultivate

their moral, social and intellectual powers" while they are obliged to labor six days of the week, twelve or fourteen hours per day, to supply their immediate physical wants—and this fast becoming precarious by surplus laborers and reduced wages, and in many cases on the seventh listen to sectarian dogmas or that they should "bear their afflictions with christian fortitude, thank God that their condition is no worse, and hope on for a better world of rest from their labors and trials?"

Who is it that is in-disposed to "regard all men as brothers of one family, and treat them as equals whether rich or poor?" He who is living in splendor upon the toil of the poor.—The workingmen have not created this distinction; it is the false arrangement of the products of labor, which bestows the largest portion upon those who do the least work, and induces them to treat the poor laborer as a drudge and slave, not worthy their society; but an underling who should do their bidding. The laborers are cast out from this aristocracy of wealth which makes them servants and slaves, instead of equals and brothers; and yet the Natick friend is urging them to be industrious, honest, brotherly, and cherish good will, while he is defending the very system and causes, which make them otherwise, and render them jealous, dishonest, unkind, and prevent them from cultivating their moral, physical, social and intellectual powers. Let it be understood that the workingmen's warfare is not with *individuals* but *systems*—systems which make the rich tyrannical, powerfull, haughty, aristocratic, hardened and neglectfull of the duties they owe to their race and their fellow men arround them; and the poor envious and contentious, or servile and obedient to the mandates of wealth, and those more favored. It is capital and power, in the hands of the non-producers, that arrays the poor against the rich, and one class of laborers against the others; or in other words, the capitalists and non-producers *are arrayed against* the laborers, by depriving them of their just claims to the products of their own toil, which is indispensably requisite to their peace and happiness. That the laboring man stands upon an equal before the state with wealth and political craft, that labor is rewarded and honored, and that the poor workingman, if he is *industrious and honest*, "can place himself beyond the reach of want in a few years" is false and unfounded; merely the demagogues flourish to keep the laborer quiet that he may continue his system of wrong and self-aggrandizement. The laborer is not honored, or labor respected. Labor is not as well rewarded now as formerly; the physical condition of laboringmen and women is not improving, but the tendency of society, is to bring reproach upon honest industry, and disrespect upon those who produce the wealth of the land, and we pity the disposition, so recreant to truth, justice, humanity and the welfare of its country and the race as to oppose and vilify the band of philanthropic and christian hearted workingmen and women who have associated themselves together for their own elevation and to lift up their brothers and sisters whom the car of oppression has debased—to make labor ennobling, and multiply its blessings,—to inculcate brotherly love and mutual interests—to embrace and adopt all that is true and elevating, and abandon all error, wrong, and that which degrades the human character,—to render science and philosophy, a universal good, instead of instruments in the hands of the few to oppress the many, and to assuage and reconcile all the elements of discord and hatred among men, that they may live out their native dignity, a blessing to themselves and others, and an honor to human excellence.

FACTORY REFORM.

The following, taken from the Lowell Patriot, is an extract from a work entitled "American Factories, and their female operatives," by the Rev. Wm. Scoresby D. D. Vicar of Bradford Yorkshire, England, who visited this country about one year since. We have not seen the work, but should judge from the extract before us, that it contains much valuable information for the American people. He confirms the statement that the operatives labor *more* hours in America, than in England. He evidently shows our factory system to be no better than England's and attributes the better condition of our operatives to the greater facilities our country afford for obtaining a livelihood. This is what we have always contended—our country being new and our means of living more abundant in consequence of its newness, renders labor less dependent upon capital, but as our population increases the same results *do* and *must* inevitably follow, under the present arrangement of capital against labor, and competition of labor.

The following extract from the work of Rev. Mr. Scoresby on the manufacturing system, will be read with interest:

"One more requirement, as I believe it to be, for the placing of our operatives, *generally*, in the proper position is,—*The abridging of the hours of labor.*

This being a subjection which the views of the employer and the employed, as distinct bodies, must be considered, in certain respects, at issue,—it could not be made a part of any plan, for general adoption, for the object I have in view. To have introduced it, therefore, as an element in the foregoing plan, would have been to destroy its practicability, and to cause it to be postponed to such time—however indefinite the period—when the boon so much longed for by our population, and also many of our Christian philanthropists, should have attained.

As it is a subject, however, to which the public mind has been so strongly turned by reason of the agitation of the question in parliment, as well as amongst us, and elsewhere, in the country, that I could not satisfy myself without stating my own views thereon, on an occasion like this, when I have so many of our working population, besides employers, before me.

The consideration, let it be observed, of the long hours of labor, is one by no means belonging peculiarly to our factory-system.—The Reports of the Commissioners appointed by the government, " for enquiring into the employment of children and young persons in mines and collieries, trades and manufactures," have brought to light a most appalling amount of misery induced, as to this one essential element, by over working. And from hence we find, taking the whole range of the investigations under this humane commission, that the oppression of the laborer is no local or peculiar incident, but an evil of huge magnitude, as a national sin. It is an evil which has grown up insidiously amongst us, the offspring of success in trade and of an excess of laboring population.

National prosperity has stirred up a mighty spirit of commercial enterprise. The advance in wealth has stimulated competition. The growth of luxury and ostentatious living, springing out of singular prosperity in the land, have generated a reactive desire, amounting to the feeling of nescessity, for the acquisition of wealth. Thus enterprise has been pushed to the utmost. The pursuance of riches has become all absorbing. But, we pause to ask, by what means, and at what cost, are these results obtained? Too often, alas, as the obvious fact appears, by sacrificing to Mammon, instead of to God, on the one part, and by the enslavement to almost uninterrupted toil, in regard to large masses of the laboring population, on the other part.

These remarks, you will remember, apply generally, to what must be considered as a great and national evil,—the forcing of national aggrandisment at the expense of the health and comfort, too often of the life and souls, of the over-worked laborers! Yet, whilst we make these remarks, we must be painfully conscious, that, as a general fact, the evil is far more manifest than the remedy. In many cases no effective remedy can be applied by the legislature, and no relief, it is feared, can be yielded but by means of individual consideration and Christian kindness.

In the special case of factories, however, with which we have more particularly to deal where such numbers of children and young persons are employed, the remedy, so far as the abridging of the hours of labor goes, has, to the extent of the existing regulations, been already tried. But beyond what has been done, it is my clear impression, in agreement with the views of multitudes of my countrymen, that more needs to be done, and that more might be done.

In this particular, Lowell, which has guided us in several of the foregoing suggestions, affords us no example, as their hours of factory labor are fully as long as ours. But if their factory-operatives are found in a better and more respectable position, than the like class in England, it is not because of their long hours, but in spite of them. The other causes, on which I have remarked, are sufficient to account for all the differences. And, I may add, if they are well off now with long hours they would, physically and socially, if not mentally and morally, be better off with reduced and more reasonable hours. And that which I consider an error in the factory system of Lowell, I believe to be a much greater error with us. For the factory operatives with us begin younger, and do not start fair with them in point of education. We have more actual need, therefore, than they have, of a long evening. We have more to get up, more to acquire.

More married women, too, work with us in factories than in Lowell. I wish from my heart there were fewer. No woman, with a young family, can possibly do justice to them whilst working abroad. Nay, no married woman can make her husband really comfortable and keep his house respectable, whilst working herself as a factory operative. For the clean and orderly cottage, the cheerful fireside, the pleasant, wholesome fare, and the smiling, happy wife, there must be a stay-at-home wife. And better, far better, I would say, is the humblest fare, if it be but wholesome and sufficient, with so many elements ministering to domestic comfort, than the gain of a wife's toil (except nescessity require) throughout the day, without hardly a temporal circumstance left to make a hard workingman happy!

As to the shortning of the hours of labor, the time, I think, is not far distant, when this will be effected. Manufacturers themselves, indeed, we can hardly expect as a body to agree voluntarily to limit the time of working. And individual manufacturers cannot work at shorter time than others, and pay the same wages, but at an obvious disadvantage. The fact is therefore demonstrable, that this boon cannot be obtained for our working population but by legislative interferance. For adults, indeed, no law can apply. The legislature cannot interfere with any mans liberty to work as long as he pleases, But in the case of children and young persons, and females, where such are not in the position of free-agents, the legislature may justly, as it already benevolently has done, step in with a paternal consideration, and official authority, for their protection. But, practically, so far as many of our factories are concerned, it is well understood that the limiting of the time of young persons, would tend to regulate and limit that of the adults.

As to the *specific period* for which it is fiting and proper that the laboer should pursue his toils, there has been, and of course still will be, considerable difference of opinion. When I first came among you to superintend the spiritual concerns of the church in this parish I am free to say, that I could not quite see how the cardinal number of ' ten hours' was discovered and verified. But in the progress of my enquiries on this important question, my mind has been gradually cleared, until I have arrived, as my personal conviction, at this conclusion, *that twelve hours a day for labor, including intervals for meals, is the fiting and natural limit of a days Workr.* The average pay-light is twelve hours. We ate reminded in scripture that 'there are twelve hours in a day.' And the scriptural intimation of *duty* is " to work while it is day; for the night cometh when no man can work,' [or might we not so appropiate the saying ?] *ought* to work.'

It being an admitted fact, too, that our general population is over-worked, as, also, that an over-worked population is short-lived, a limitation of the average period of labor is yearly called for. Taking, moreover, the average strength of the human constitution, I apprehend that the period of twelve hours [inclusive of meals] will be found as much as can be devoted, day by day, to any business, or description of toil, without injury to the constitution, and the abridgment of the life of the laborer.

* * * * * * *

If our labouring population be over-worked the Christian economist and philosopher should feel no anxiety and apprehend no risk, in doing towards them, and for them, that which is right. If it be the blessing of the Lord that giveth prosperity to men and nations, as by the sacred authorities already adduced has been shown, then we might reasonably calculate upon a *greater blessing* in doing what is right than in pursuing what is wrong. No one can fairly and rationly look upon the growing enterprise and extension of manufactures in America, and on the continent of Europe, without some serious apprehension of a decline in our present superiority. If, on the principle of worldly policy, then, the prospect before us be less encouraging than what it has hitherto been; surely our greatest safeguard would be in the laying of ourselves out for the Divine blessing, by taking the high ground of kindness and humanity, and of Christian consideration for our fellow creatures!"

☞ That letter from Lynn, we were right glad to see, not merely for the " dollar bill " it contained (which we stood in great need of, with three or four hundred more) but for the genuine *Lynn spirit* exemplified.—Those cordwainers are blest with large souls.

By the way what has become of " The Awl? " we have not seen its visage these many weeks. We hope its last *end* is not yet—if so we wish to erect a *lasting* monument to its noble efforts and good deeds in the laborers warfare for just rights. Should it prove that the "Awl" is no more, shall not its only surviving brother the *Voice* meet a response among its friends and patrons in Lynn and other towns?

☞ Can any one give us any information respecting the present difficulty at Lynn among the journeyman shoemakers? We hope they will justly resent any encroachments upon their rights as *men* and *workingmen*.

☞ It will be noticed by the letter from the "Ladies Labor Reform Association, of Lowell," that they have appointed Miss H. J. Stone, Secretary of that Association, as a regular correspondent to the "Voice of Industry."

Miss Stone, is an able writer, and conversant with the evils which affect the laboring classes, especially the operatives in our manufactories—their privations and requirements, and will lay them before the community through our columns, in weekly communications from her own, and the pens of her sisters in the cause, of that city. This will be a valuable acquisition to our paper and we feel deeply indebted for this generous aid and *acting* interest, and hope they will be abundantly rewarded for their labors, in seeing the cause of the "toilers" advance and prosper. Miss Stone's article in our possession, being rather late for our arrangements this week, will appear in the next number.

MYSTERIOUS VERY.—We learn from Mr. Leonard of the Express, that Mr. Paine of Oxford, whose recent robery has caused some excitement, was shot at again on Wednesday evening, about half-past nine o'clock, while in the room with his family, in his house at North Oxford, the ball passing within three inches of his head, and lodging in the sofa on which he was lying; being to feeble to sit up, from loss of blood cause by his former wound.

The *Sentinel* being quite anxious to say *something* and not having recovered from the noble and Herculean effort of week before last, has *lugged in* foreign aid, by copying from the " respectable and ably conducted " Lowell Journal the Natick *boss*, almost entire—which we have proved to be false and unfounded—to let his bakers dozen of subscribers know what "*other* writers think of us." He says we have defended the " Old City rum shop" "abused" the priests, and temperance men, and done various other naughty things. Not so Mr. Editor: we have not *abused* the priests or temperance men, nor have we " defended the Old City rum shop," or any *other* rum shop, but have simply spoken the truth, and the *whole* truth, honestly and fearlessly. We shall not *defend* wrong, or *abuse* anything good, and shall speak of wickedness and oppression in all places, high or low; *popular* or *unpopular*. We are rejoiced to learn that the *devil* is 'getting unpopular " and shall expect to see a great turning to the Lord soon—perhaps the editor of the Sentinl will be " almost persuaded to be a Christian" being so fond of popularity. Query—will Christians have any popular rum shops?

"SIGNS OF THE TIMES."—Has any body looked at our neat and modest little *Sign*—painted by Tilden & Oakman, and *raised* by Shattuck?

INCONGRUITIES OF WAR.—A gentleman who visited the British ship Medway says he was struck with the strange mixture of good and evil presented before him. Bibles and Prayer Books, Pilgrim's Progress, Baxter's Saint's Rest, and other religious works were located amongst balls and bombshells, muskets, tomahawks, boarding pikes. Warlike mottoes, such as "Britons strike home!" confronted "Always feel for the distresses of others," painted on the beams. This putting the gospel into the heart through a bullet hole by force of powder is an odd proceeding. And yet all these frightful incongruities are hallowed by religious ceremonies and sanctioned by men ordained as ministers of the Prince of Peace! What mockery

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

All those who wish to transact business with our Association, are informed that Mr. Sanford Sawyer, has been chosen Agent, in place of Samuel Walton resigned, and is the only person authorized to receipt for Subscriptions of stock, and attend to the general business of the concern.

NOTICE.

THE LABORERS' UNION ASSOCIATION, at South Boston, holds its regular meetings every Thursday Evening, at the "Bank Hall," on 4th street, near the "South free bridge," and all who feel interested in the welfare of the producing classes, are cordially invited to attend.

The Library, is open every Saturday Evening for the delivery of books.

Subscriptions to the Library $2,00 a year, for Gentlemen, one dollar, for Ladies. A relief fund is also attached to the Association, for relief of sick and destitute members.

DEATHS.

In Lunenburg, 17th inst., of scarlet fever, Leonora Frances, youngest daughter of Ephraim and Sarah Graham, aged 4 years.

In this town, July 27, Mr. Barker Gibson. Also Mrs. Sandin, wife of Mr. William Sandin.

Book and Job Printing,
neatly executed at the
Voice of Industry Office, No. 11, Snow's Block

HANDBILLS, SHOWBILLS, SHOPBILLS, SHOEBILLS, LABELS, TAXBILLS, WAYBILLS,
BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, CATALOGUES, JUSTICE'S BLANKS, BALL TICKETS, CARDS, CIRCULARS,
and every variety of
LETTER PRESS PRINTING.
With entirely new Materials, and on the most reasonable Terms.

DAGUERREOTYPE MINIATURES,
Taken by E. Goddard.
At Rooms, in Torrey & Wood's New Block.
LADIES and Gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and examine specimens.
Patronage respectfully solicited.
Fitchburg, July 24, 1845.

HENRY J. LOWE,
DEALER IN
GOLD & SILVER WATCHES,
RICH JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE, FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, &C., &C.
☞ Repairing done in the best manner, at short notice.
Fitchburg, Mass.

E. F. BAILEY,
Bookbinder, Stationer & Bookseller,
No. 6, MERCHANT'S ROW,
Fitchburg, Mass.

HOWARD'S
Fashionable Hairdressing & Shaving Saloon,
IN WOOD & TORREY'S BRICK BLOCK, MAIN ST.
Fitchburg, Mass.

NOTICE. The copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, under the firm of HAYWARD & BROOKS, is this day by mutual consent dissolved.
All Notes and Accounts due the late firm, will be settled by HORACE HAYWARD, and all demands due by said firm, will be adjusted by said HORACE HAYWARD, at the Old stand No. 4, Merchants Row.
HORACE HAYWARD.
SILAS P. BROOKS.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE. The subscribers have formed a Copartnership under the firm of HAYWARD & BACON; and have taken the store recently occupied by the late firm of HAYWARD & BROOKS, where they intend to keep a large assortment of fashionable BOOTS & SHOES, of every description which will be sold low for cash—wholesale and retail, No. 4, Merchants Row.
HORACE HAYWARD,
RANSELLEAR BACON.

THURSDAY MESSENGER.
A Weekly Newspaper
OF MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE AND USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING
FAMILY READING.

The following inducements will, we trust be considered sufficiently strong to place the "MESSENGER" in the hands of at least one family in every village and hamlet in New England, and for that reason, we have fixed the terms of subscription so low that any one who wishes can readily obtain it.

TERMS,
(Invariably in Advance.)

Single copy,—one year,	$2,00
" " six months,	1,00
Three copies of the Thursday Messenger one year, or one copy three years, sent to one address,	5,00
Seven copies of the Thursday Messenger one year, sent to one address,	10,00
Twelve copies " " " "	15,00
Seventeen " " " " "	20,00

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials, and are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct.—They should always give names and time paid for.

No letters taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid, and no attention given to orders unless accompanied by the money. Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription.

Removals must always state the Post Office removed from as well as that to which the paper is to be addressed.

The terms of the "Messenger" are invariably in advance, no paper being continued beyond the period paid for.

By a provision of the new law, which takes effect in July, all persons residing within thirty miles of the place of publication, can receive the Messenger by mail, free of postage.

Papers copying this, or giving its substance in editorial form, will receive a free exchange by sending us a paper containing it.

Postmasters acting as our agents and furthering the circulation of the "Messenger" will receive a fair per centage on subscriptions, and a copy of the paper.

PURIFY THE BLOOD.
MOFFAT'S
VEGETABLE LIFE PILLS
AND
PHŒNIX BITTERS.

The high and envied celebrity which these pre-eminent Medicines have acquired for their invariable efficacy in all the diseases which they profess to cure, has rendered the usual practice of puffing not only unnecessary, but unworthy of them. They are known by their fruits; their good works testify for them, and they thrive not by the faith of the credulous.

IN ALL CASES
Of ASTHMA, ACUTE and CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, AFFECTIONS of the BLADDER and KIDNEYS.
BILIOUS FEVERS & LIVER COMPLAINTS.—In the south and west, where these diseases prevail, they will be found invaluable. Planters, farmers, and others, who once use these Medicines, will never afterwards be without them.
BILIOUS CHOLIC, and SEROUS Looseness, BILES, COSTIVENESS, COLDS & COUGHS, *CHOLIC,* CONSUMPTION. Used with great success in this disease. *CORRUPT HUMORS, DROPSIES,*
DYSPEPSIA. No person with this distressing disease, should delay using these medicines immediately.
ERUPTIONS of the Skin, ERYSIPELAS, FLATULENCY,
FEVER and AGUE. For this scourge of the western country these medicines will be found a safe, speedy, and certain remedy. Other medicines leave the system subject to a return of the disease—a cure by these medicines is permanent.—TRY THEM, BE SATISFIED, AND BE CURED.
FOULNESS of COMPLEXION,
GENERAL DEBILITY,
GOUT, GIDDINESS, GRAVEL, HEADACHES, of every kind, INWARD FEVER, INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM, IMPURE BLOOD, JAUNDICE, LOSS of APPETITE,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
LEPROSY, LOOSENESS,
MERCURIAL DISEASES.—Never fails to eradicate entirely all the effects of Mercury infinitely sooner than the most powerful preparation of Sarsaparilla. *NIGHT SWEATS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, NERVOUS COMPLAINTS of all kinds, ORGANIC AFFECTIONS, PALPITATION of the HEART, PAINTER'S CHOLIC,*
PILES The original proprietor of these medicines was cured of Piles of 35 years standing by the use of these Life Medicines alone.
PAINS in the head, side, back, limbs, joints and organs.
RHEUMATISM. Those afflicted with this terrible disease, will be sure of relief by the Life Medicines.
RUSH of BLOOD to the HEAD, *SCURVY, SALTRHEUM, SWELLINGS,*
SCROFULA, or **KING'S EVIL,** in its worst forms, *ULCERS, of every description.*
WORMS, of all kinds, are effectually expelled by these Medicines. Parents will do well to administer them whenever their existence is suspected. Relief will be certain.
THE LIFE PILLS AND PHŒNIX BITTERS PURIFY THE BLOOD,
And thus remove all disease from the system.
A single trial will place the LIFE PILLS and PHŒNIX BITTERS beyond the reach of competition in the estimation of every patient.
The genuine of these medicines are now put up in white wrappers and labels, together with a pamphlet, called "Moffat's Good Samaritan," containing the directions, &c., on which is a drawing of Broadway from Wall street to our Office, by which strangers visiting the city can very easily find us. The wrappers and Samaritans are copyrighted, therefore those who procure them with white wrappers can be assured that they are genuine. Be careful, and do not buy those with *yellow* wrappers; but if you do, be satisfied that they come direct from us, or dont touch them.
☞ Prepared and sold by
DR. WILLIAM B. MOFFAT,
335 Broadway, corner of Anthony street, New York.
For Sale by
S. & C. SHEPLEY, Booksellers, Fitchburg, Mass.

Something New.
A FEW doors west of the *New Hotel*, near the RAIL ROAD DEPOT, at the Sign of the big PANTS, is situated the Fitchburg
CLOTHING WARE HOUSE,
where may be found in great abundance the following articles, viz:
SUMMER CLOTHING; OF ALL KINDS.
ALSO—DRESS COATS and a great variety of thick PANTALOONS of super Doeskin Blue, Black, Cassimeres and Statinetts.
BOOTS of all descriptions, Sizes and Prices. A large assortment of **Ladies' Misses' and Childrens' SHOES.**
Also—an extensive assortment of
PAPER HANGINGS,
at prices which cannot fail to suit.
Paper and Transparent Window Curtains, this day received, together with a very large assortment of OIL CLOTH CURTAINS, at prices adapted to every one who may wish for the article.
W. HINDS.
Fitchburg June, 1845. n6tf.

SCHOOL RECORD.—S. & C. SHEPLEY, FITCHBURG, have published and offer for sale a School Record for the use of teachers. Provisions are made in this record for entering the NAME of each scholar, and the presence, absence, or tardiness for each half day.—Also, the character of his recitations and deportment.
Fitchburg, May 1845. n1tf

ADDRESS

Of Alvan E. Bovay, *delivered at a Mass Meeting of the Workingmen of New-York, assembled at Croton Hall, July 16, 1845:*

Gentlemen: Touching the plan for organizing the Trades of this city into a great beneficiary society, with the expectation of being able to bring the producer and consumer face to face, and thereby dispense in time with the services of the intermediate employer and retail dealer, I have only to answer as I did at National Hall when a plan, somewhat analogous was there proposed to you: I should not object to seeing the experiment tried, but I have no faith in its efficacy. It is a contrivance; one of those simple, obvious, but, inefficient contrivances which the working classes and especially the mechanics of large towns, have, in some shape or other, tried a thousand times, and always, I believe generally at the outset, have they most signally failed. Something more vigorous, more ultimate, more universal, must be sought and discovered, or the workingman may fold his arms in hopeless despair. You are surrounded with social and and commercial doctrines and usages old as the world nearly, all but omnipotent, and hostile every way to the interests of labor; and is it to be supposed that a mere contrivance for the organization of a trade or trades, which shall extend no farther than to those who enter it, can effect a revolution of those old and perverse doctrines whose dominion is commensurate in extent with the surface of the earth? It cannot be. From earliest history I have not read that the sheep have effected any permanent protective organization against the wolves and I am rather inclined to think they will not be able to do so in all time to come. Labor has from the beginning been enslaved; whatever progress man has made, has been through slavery. In earlier ages it was the simple direct slavery of pure force: "No long circuit of means" was employed to reduce the laborer to servitude. His body was at once declared to be property, and he a thing subject like other things to law of trade. This form of slavery has not been abolished as is so generally supposed, even under our modern civilization, but with few rare exceptions, it has decayed; it is simply out of fashion, obsolete, for the most part dead. Where there is any vestige of it left, no doubt it is most revolting to our moral instincts, simply because its direct, downright way of doing things is somewhat opposed to the zig-zag paths which civilization takes to accomplish its ends. In course of time another form of slavery has also arisen, flourished, and now, over most part of Europe at least, fallen. It chained man to soil whereon he was born, made him a fixture to real estate, declared in fact land to be the principal and man a mere incident—an accident. And yet, as in the more primitive chattel slavery, so in the Feudal, there was some rude connecting link, even if it were only by iron chain and brass collar, between the master and his slave. Says Mr. Carlyle: "Gurth with the brass collar round his neck, tending Cedric's pigs in the grades of the woods, is not what I call an example of human felicity; but Gurth with the sky above him, with the free air and tinted boscage and umbrage around him, and in him at least the certainty of supper and social lodgings when he came home—Gurth to me seems happy in comparison with many a Lancashire and Buckinghamshire man of these days, not born thrall of anybody. Gurth is now 'emancipated' long since; has what he calls 'Liberty.' Liberty, I am told, is a divine thing. Liberty, when it becomes the liberty to die by starvation, is not so divine." Such simple, and in some considerably qualified sense, patriarchal relations are now past, this long time; and the laborer throughout the greater part of the civilized world, though called "free," is reduced to be the slave, not of *man*, but a *thing*, of a heartless, soulless, merciless monster named "Capital," which knows no condition but those which are written in this bond.

If the condition written be "a pound of flesh," a pound of flesh it *will have:* if a human soul, nothing short of the body or the soul satisfy it. Its courses are insidious, subtle, and past finding out. Having, through its doctrines of "*Laissez Faire*," "Supply and Demand," &c. brought at last great part of the laborers in Christendom down to a point very little above starvation, it is now seeking successfully to turn them off altogether, not to graze but to starve. Human labor is to be dispensed with hereafter, and elemental labor is to supply its place. Capital says now to that dark, frowning mountain yonder, "I have work for you to do;" and straightway the immense mass, which has held its place impregnable since the beginning of time, becomes melted into red liquid iron, through various curious influences begins to assume forms of cylinder, piston, and connecting rod, 'till finally that black, old mountain stands a well-adjusted, elegant machine, ready to do whatsoever work is demanded of it. The individual laborer will of course, strive for a time to keep his place, and battle for existence with this machine, but elemental labor is too strong for an arm of flesh, and shortly he is ousted of employment and turned away to die. Do I object to the introduction of machinery into the province of human labor? Assuredly not. It is one of the most remarkable evidences of human dignity and progress. But it is that, after he has been thrown out of his accustomed employment by machinery, the laborer should, without any provision for his support, be remorselessly cast off to die—this it is to which I take exception. I rejoice that now, instead of paddling up and down the coast in a rude bark canoe with cargo at the best, of untanned skins abroad, man is able to command that oak forest and hemp field in languge irresistible, to carry for him this polished cutlery and these delicate muslin stuffs into remote Chinese Seas; but I humbly opine that the moral and social condition of the human family should be in some degree improved by it, and not made incomparably worse. Why, now, in Germany, I am told, the free man esteems so lightly this speculative freedom—this "liberty to die by starvation," that he will bid as high, in some cases, as $800 to effect a change of places with the Serf. Buy servitude, buy slavery, for $800! Is not this a fact somewhat remarkable in this year of grace forty-five? Truly, as I understand it, the advantage is at the present time, taking the world at large considerably on the side of the serf, or even the chattel slave, over the free laborer. For at the worst, their condition is fixed; they know no want, nor the fear of want; in childhood, vigor or old age—in sickness and in health, they are sure that their more pressing physical wants will be provided for. But for the free laborer, his complete dependance upon the will of capital, the constant introduction of machinery to do his work, a steady increase in the number of his class, and a savage, cannibal competition which grows out of his stern necessities, he beholds his wages gradually falling off, and his moral and social condition sinking from year to year. Take an example: There is to my knowledge a shop in this city that two years ago, employed ninety blacksmiths; at the present time, the same amount of work is done with just half the number; and this cause is not at all isolated, or in any manner conspicuous above those which are yearly occurring here and elsewhere. Now what is to be done with the forty-five men that are thrown out of employment in that shop? "Seek a supper somewhere else," I suppose. But go where they will, (unless it be to the poor-house) I tell you the same system hangs over them, sticks to them like poisoned mantle of Hercules. True, the producing classes of this country are not sunk so low as those of Europe, but they are subject to the same social and commercial unwritten laws, and under their operation they are sinking with fearful rapidity. Is there under the sun any remedy for this? The question is now fairly up, demanding in earnest tones immediate consideration; and it will not be postponed until African Slavery in the South is settled—nor for any manner of question whatever. The free laborer of this North, wrestling with unseen fiendish powers, calls aloud that most immediate attention be paid to its necessities, "Behold, 65,000 of my brethren are sunk below the condition of labor into absolute pauperism in this City of New York alone," and again we are brought back to the question, "What shall be done?" We have in this Country an easy, simple, effectual way of doing certain things established on purpose for the convenience of the people: it is thought the "ballot-box." In my opinion it is the laborer's only hope. Imperfect as it is for collecting the aggregate intelligence of the people, the masses in this country have no other organization, no other way of saying in audible tones, what they will and what they will not have. There is one day in the year when something like that equality, which we hold to be self-evident, is particularly realized in this Republic, and of the whole three hundred and sixty-five, but one. It is that when every adult man for himself, standing with a printed paper ballot, is asked in presence of the whole nation, how will he be governed? Tyranny has indeed crept in here; fraud and chicane have crept in there, but still there is a potent virtue in the paper ballot to be found no where else amongst the rubbish of modern society. Now in this, if any where, is help to be found; to this should labor, otherwise disorganized and helpless, bring its questions for arbitrament; and I undertake to say there is one question now partially before the people of this country, falling necessarily to the decision by ballot, which if justly settled, would once and for ever on this Continent emancipate labor from the thraldom of capital, and establish "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work."

It is a fact seldom, almost never dwelt upon, that in course of time all things which are upon the earth, or in sea, susceptible of it by nature, have, in the hands of man, or by faction or intendment of law, been reduced to the condition of property. Man himself has not been excepted from the rule; the elements, which it is evident from the Bible, from the nature and wants of man, and from his position here in this world, the Creator designed to be and to remain free forever, are at least all monopolized, so that from the higest pinacle of Mount Blanc, 15,000 feet or so, to the lowest Tempe valley in broad Europe, there is not a rood of earth destitute of its parchment covering—all, to the darkest, deepest "Trosarch's Jaws," is covered over with the patents and title-deeds of society, and time has hallowed the possession. Truly, in these last days, as of old, "The foxes have holes and the birds have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." I hold it to be self-evident that man has a natural right to the occupation and enjoyment of a portion of this earth, and the first command which I find given to him in the Bible, though not in the form of a command, is in substance, that he shall go forth and work upon it. Again, in the institutions of the Chosen People, a broad distinction is taken between the possessions in land and those things fashioned by the hand of man, which we call 'personal property,' for while these, the transient, the perishable, were not to go back at the Jubilee, it is provided that "*the land shall not be sold for ever.*" Modern governments, however, not only assume to "sell the land for ever," but also—by what right I am at a loss to determine—they confer dominion over it to the individual, not bounded by his wants or his ability to enjoy, but by his lust and ambition alone. Thus Norman William gave all the lands of England to 700 of his freebooting barons, and *three-fourths of it is owned by three thousand families to this day.* Herein is the solution of that problem which has so long, in its general aspect, puzzled the Political Economists; whence comes it that the wealth of that nation rises just in proportion as its laborers sink into poverty and destitution? To millions of the people of England, access to the soil, without revolution, is impossible; employment then at some rate they must have of capital or die. Machinery comes in to do the work of man, children do the work of women, and constant increase of numbers aggravates their helplessness. Still employment they must have; and from such employment "good Lord diliver us;" not a horse, not an ox, willing to work in the United Kingdom but is better paid; it is such as enables Great Britain to command for her products the markets of the world, by underselling every other people; and thus is the gold and silver tide setting from far and near toward the "fast anchored isle."

After manifold 'Manchester instructions' the people of England are now finally coming to the conclusion that nothing short of an outlet to the land will answer; and they are demanding the restoration of ten millions of acres of common lands that have been insidiously stolen from them, and enclosed by a Partridge-shooting Aristocracy, the while they have been hid away in dingy workshops, black, loathsome cellars, and subterranean mines. 'The Land Question' is now up before the world; it is up before the world; it is up in this country, and it ought to be up and made the question of questions every where.

With us its discussion and settlement is easy, which with all people it certainly is not.—Leaden rifle-bullet needs not to be applied to; the simple paper ballot is sufficient, without entrenching on the Constitution, without trespassing on private established right. We, the "National Reform Association," turning away from the cultivated and appropriated earth, going beyond the present borders of civilization, take our stand there between the living generation and those which are to come and ask, that that Virgin, rich and wild as at the dawn of creation, should be preserved a free asylum for the oppressed and a safe retreat for the slaves of wages and all other Slaves for ever.

We ask that these lands shall be disposed of under something like the following plan, which is no contrivance of ours—for the present condition of Agriculture seems already to have decided what is just and practicable concerning them: Let Territorial Governments be erected over them, and State Governments in time; let them be divided into counties, township, sections and quarter sections, in like manner as they now are, and let every man who will live upon it, come and take, without money and without price, one of these quarter sections (160 acres) not already occupied, which shall remain to him and his heirs forever; but in every township at least, the most elligible section (one mile square) should be reserved and laid out with proper discretion and care into free lots for the inhabitants of a village; and to prevent the accumulation of great possessions in land, the inevitable result of which is to deprive thousands of the enjoyment of any, it should be provided that no title to more than one farm or one village lot shall ever be recognized in any man. To this extent then would land be property, subject to all its laws and incidents; but no farther.—Every man in such a State would be born a freeholder, which of course gives him a national independence for all times. There undoubtedly would be employer and employed; but no abject dependence; there would be wages, but no "slavery of wages."

Forthwith, were this great measure carried, the tide of human life in-stead of setting as now steadily toward the cities, would turn itself toward the setting Sun; and three generations hereafter should see in that valley of the Mississippi, swarming with its tens of millions, the most industrious, virtuous, intelligent, and in the aggregate, the most wealthy community whereon the Sun ever shone. Revenue?—Well, the Whig party, and General Jackson, have said the Public Lands should no longer be sold for revenue; and perhaps a great and wealthy people could as easily support a government as a miserable, impoverished population. Gentlemen, this is the measure which I propose to the working and all other classes of this country, as decidedly the Political measure of the age; its influence would be as extensive as the continent, for make our lands free, and our neighbors to the North and those to the South, unless they would see our country blossoming as the rose and their own a howling wilderness, must go and do likewise; and thus would it travel from Pole to Pole.—Would this perfect human society? By no means; the family state must finally give way to a higher social order: I am satisfied it cannot last forever. But to emancipate labor in this present and these next generations from the thraldom of capital, and to put men in possession of their natural and inalienable rights, I propose as the first fundamental measure of a true progress—the Freedom of the Public Lands.

BANK NOTE TABLE.

The bills of all the Banks in the New England States which are in good credit, are received at par on deposit by the following Banks, viz:—Atlas, Atlantic, Boston, Eagle, Freeman's Globe, Mechanics', Hamilton, Market, Merchants', North, State, Suffolk, Shoe and Leather Dealers', Shawmut, Tremont, Traders', Union, and Washington.

The Suffolk Bank transacts all the business relating to country banks, for the above named banks.

Bills of Claremont Bank, N. H., are not received a the Suffolk Bank.

Counterfeit $1, $2 and $3, on many of the New England Banks are in circulation—Perkins stereotype plate.

Maine.

Agricultural at Brewer		worthless
Bangor Commercial	2 a	per ct. dis.
Bank of Portland (closed.)	1 a	do. do.
Bangor (old)		worthless.
Bath (charter expired)		redeemed.
Castine		worthless.
Citizen's at Augusta, new plate		do.
Calais	5 a 7	per ct. dis.
City Bank, Portland		
Damariscotta		worthless.
Frankfort Bank, Frankfort,		do
Globe, at Bangor,		do.
Georgia Lumber Co., at Portland		do.
Hallowell and Augusta		do.
Kennebec		do.
Kennebunk		do.
Lafayette, at Bangor	3 a	per ct dis.
Maine, Portland, (closed)	2 a 3	do. do.
Mercantile, at Bangor	2 a 4	do. do.
Oldtown Bank		worthless
Oxford, Fryburg (fraud)		do.
Passamaquoddy		do.
People's		do.
Stillwater Canal, at Orono		do.
Saco	redeemed by Trustees at Saco.	
St. Croix, at Calais	25	per ct dis.
Washington County, at Calais		worthless.
Westbrook	1 a 2	per ct dis.
Waterville, closed		redeemed.
Wiscasset		worthless.

New Hampshire.

Claremont	closing—redeemed—3 a 5	per ct dis.
Concord	3 a 5	do. do.
Farmers', Amherst (closed)		redeemed.
Hillsborough		worthless.
N. Hampshire, Portsmouth (charter ex.)		redeemed.
New Hampshire Union (closed)		redeemed.
New Hampshire (closed)		do.
Wolfborough		worthless.
Grafton	3 a 5	per ct dis.

Vermont.

Agricultural, Troy		fraud.
Bennington		worthless.
Commercial Bank of Vermont		fraud.
Essex, Guildhall		worthless.
Green Mountain	fraud—	do.
Jefferson County	fraud—	do.
St. Albans	2 a	per ct dis.

Massachusetts.

Amherst (charter surrendered)		redeemed.
Berkshire		worthless.
Charlestown Bank—charter surrendered—		redeemed at Suffolk
Chelsea		closed
Commonwealth, Boston		closed.
Cohannet, Taunton	closed—	redeemed.
Citizens', Nantucket	do.	do.
Essex, North Andover	do.	do.
East Bridgewater—charter surrendered—		redeemed.
Essex, Salem		worthless.
Farmer's & Mechanics', South Adams		do.
Farmers', Belchertown		do.
Franklin, South Boston		do.
Fulton, or Winnisimmet, Boston		do.
General Interest Bank, Salem	closed—	redeemed.
Hampshire, Northampton		worthless.
Ipswich Bank, Ipswich	closed—	redeemed.
Kilby, Boston	closed—	worthless.
Lafayette, South Boston		do.
Mendon	closed—	do.
Middlesex, Cambridge—redeemed—	3 a	per ct dis
Middling Interest, Boston	20 a 30	do.
Nahant Bank		closed.
Newburyport	closed—	worthless.
Norfolk, Roxbury		do.
Phœnix, Charlestown	40 a 50	per ct dis.
Phœnix, Nantucket		worthless.
Roxbury, Bank Roxbury		do.
Sutton		do.
Winthrop	gone into liquidation—	redeemed.

Rhode Island.

Burrillsville		worthless.
Eagle, Newport		do.
Farmers'		do.
Farmers' & Mechanics'	75 a 80	per ct dis.
Franklin, Providence	fraud—	worthless.
Mount Hope	closed—	redeemed.
Agricultural, Johnston	closed—20	per ct dis.
Pascoag	5 a 7	do. do.
Providence County	5 a	do. do.

Connecticut.

Bridgeport Manufacturing Co.	fraud—	worthless.
Derby		do.
Eagle		do.
Houstonic Railroad Company	10 a 15	per ct dis.

New York.

New York City	1 a 4	per ct dis.
Old Safety Fund, good banks	1	do. do.

United States Bank Bills.

Old and new	30 a 35	do. do.
Nova Scotia Bills	8 a 9	do. do.
New Brunswick Bills	5 a 7	do. do.

SATURDAY VISITOR.
J. E. SNODGRASS,—Editor.
Publication Office, No. 5 North Sreet, Baltimore.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

1 copy, for one year, in advance,		$1,50
1 "	eight months,	1,00
5 "	one year,	5,00

Any person obtaining ten subscribers, and remitting $10 free of postage, shall receive as a Handsome premium, a copy of Graham's Magazine, or the Lady's Book, or Lady's Companion, a whole year, begining with any number he pleases. The price of each of these elegant illustrated works is Three Dollars; which makes our offer extremely liberal, and presents a rare chance for postmasters and enterprising young men.

DELAYED PAYMENTS.

If delayed at all		$2,00
If "	three months	3,25
If "	six months	2,50
If "	nine months	2,75
If "	twelve months or more	3,00

For subscriptions whose payment may be delayed to intermediate periods, the charge will be in like proportion.

For all fractions of years where papers are discontinued, the charge will be at the rate of twenty-five cents per month.

REMOVAL.—DR. ADAMS, SURGEON DENTIST, has taken rooms at No. 12, Snow's Brick Block, where he will be happy to wait upon all those who are in need of his services. He would also tender his sincere thanks to those who have bestowed upon him their favors, hoping he shall merit a continuation of the same. Teeth examined gratis; at the sign of the Golden Tooth.

☞ All operations warranted to be equal to any by whomsoever performed.

Fitchburg, May, 1845. n1tf.

BRONCHIAL COMFIT; a celebrated remedy for coughs, colds, influenza, &c. For sale at SHEPLEY'S. n1tf.

NEW BOOKS.—S. & C. SHEPLEY, have just received from New York Trade Sale and other sources, a large quantity of School, Standard and Miscellaneous Books, which will be sold as low as at any other Book Store in Worcester County.

Fitchburg, May, 1845. n1tf

30 KEGS of superior Boston LEAF LARD, for sale by COLBURN & WALLACE.

Fitchburg, May 20, 1845. n1tf.

FOR 1845.

PROSPECTUS FOR VOL. VII.

OF THE

American Phrenological Journal.

To reform and perfect man—to bring out by culture the original beauties and capabilities of his nature, are objects the most exalted that can possibly engross humanity. But, to do this either effectually or correctly, that nature must be known, and as Phrenology is the science of human nature, and especially of man's intellectual and moral constitution, it evolves all the elementary principles of his nature—thereby embodying all the laws of his being, all the conditions of happiness, and all the causes of all his sufferings, as well as of all the evils that afflict society, and all this so plain that "he that runs may read," and so beautifully as to excite our highest admiration. It also furnishes the only true test and touch-stone by which to try every doctrine and practice of the age, and, indeed, of all past and all coming time—every theory of society, every question of ethics, of morals, of logic, of equity, and even of religious creeds and practices; for, by developing fully and clearly the primitive nature and constitution of man, and that in all its ramifications, it arranges, before the tribunal of that nature, every thing appertaining to man; approving whatever harmonizes with it, but condemning whatever conflicts therewith.

The accompanying numbers of this periodical, as well as its three last volumes, will serve as samples of its future course, excepting that the following important departments will be added.

1st. That of Physiology. Though, for several years, the Journal has contained more or less physiological fact and information, yet its space has been too much occupied otherwise to give that full attention to the exposition and enforcing of the laws of animal life, including the value of health and the means of regaining and preserving it, which their importance demands. To know and obey these laws lies at the basis of all human improvement and happiness; for, be it remembered, that life and health depend thereon, and on them depend all our pleasures, whether mental or physical. Even intellectual attainments and moral progression must be accompanied by physiological, especially cerebral, improvement. The connexion of Physiology with mentality—the different states of body as inducing their corresponding states of mind—have been almost completely overlooked, even by Physiologists themselves.—

Our talents, our virtues, our vices, our mental and moral progression, depend more upon what, how, and when, we eat, drink, sleep, labor, bathe, &c.—upon our physical habits and physiological condition—than most people suppose. The plain fact is, few people know how to eat! or sleep! or breathe! or live! If they did, sickness would be unknown, and sin comparatively banished from our world. Those physiological conditions, therefore, which affect mind and morals, will be freely discussed in this volume.

2d. That of Animal Magnetism, or the vital principle. So indissolubly is this science connected with both Phrenology and Physiology, that neither should ever be pursued without the other. At least, every student of the latter sciences who prosecutes his investigations unguided by the light of this new star of human science gropes his way in comparative darkness. Surprisingly beautiful and philosophical, as well as rich in lessons of health and happiness, are the discoveries evolved by applying magnetism to phrenological and physiological investigations. And surely, as a remedial agent, this application exceeds, and will eventually supersede, all others. Aware of no work or periodical which covers this most interesting, most important field of human inquiry, the Editor intends to occupy it, at least, partially, in this volume.

3d. A department devoted to woman. To improve her, is to benefit the human race, whilst her degeneracy deteriorates it. Female education—nearly every thing appertaining to her—is now effecting her ruin as fast as the rapid flight of time will allow. Long enough has her vanity been inflated with the gaudy, the artificial, and the fashionable. Too long already, have her exquisite sensibilities been preverted, and the beauties and graces of her nature been converted either into play-things—mere toys for man to sport with—or else prostituted at the shrine of the worst of human passions. Infinitely more perfect, more prolific than any thing ever yet beheld by mortals, are the natural charms and beauties of the female character. But, they have yet to be brought out. To do this effectually, her nature and capabilities must be known.—These, her Phrenology and Physiology will reveal; including which they will also disclose her true sphere, and her consequent duties. To this eventful subject—and none can be more prolific of good to man—will a portion of this volume be dedicated. Nor will mothers, in their distinctive relations as mothers, be neglected.

Those at all acquainted with the Editor's style of writing or lecturing, will readily comprehend his manner of treating these and other subjects that come appropriately within the wide range of phrenological, physiological, and magnetic science. Our field is indeed the world. Not only is it already ripe for the harvest, but it is becoming corrupted and all overgrown with the tares of uncleanness and the thistle of sin. To receive the good into vessels will be the object of every successive number of this work. Those, therefore, who drop tears of sorrow over fallen humanity, or who would lend a helping hand to its restoration, may perhaps do good as effectually by circulating this work as in any other way; for its pages will embody both the seeds and the crop of all reform. Human improvement and happiness are designed to be inscribed on its page, its every line.

Nor, in this long line of subjects will the practical department of phrenological science—its principles, its facts, its philosophy, or information requisite for furthering the progress of amateurs, be neglected.

And since nothing—neither the acquisition of any species of knowledge, nor the possession of any form or degree of wealth, or honor, or any possession whatever—can so effectually benefit, or so deeply interest, every member of the human family, as will that knowledge of our nature imparted by Phrenology, which renders it the science for "the million;" and since it is proper and desirable that a monthly Journal, devoted to this science, should be accessible to all—to the poor as well as to the rich, to the illiterate, as well as to the scientific—this Journal will be furnished on the following extremely low

TERMS.

It will be issued in monthly numbers of 32 pages, at $1 for a single copy; or three copies for $2; six copies for $5; or 20 copies for $10.

Address subscriptions to O. S. Fowler, Editor & Proprietor, 131 Nassau st., New York.

BOOK STORE AND BINDERY.—E. BAILEY, would give notice to the inhabitants of Fitchburg and vicinity, that he has taken the Stand formerly occupied by P. A. Crocker, and now offers for sale a general assortment of School and Miscellaneous Books and Stationery. Blank Books manufactured to order and kept constantly on hand and for sale.

Old Books, Periodicals and Pamphlets, bound in every variety of style, and at short notice.

Paper ruled to any pattern.

Fitchburg, May, 1845.